

The Deponents.

THE Mighty Monarch of this *British* Isle,
Disturb'd to hear his Subjects prate and smile,
That he is so Content to own a Son,
For to Inherit th' Imperial Throne,
To please his Q. and put by both his own.
But finding *England* not so Credulous,
And Clear-ey'd O—ge more suspect than us,
By Instigation of the Q. and P.
He Summons all together as you see,
And there Declares his own sufficiency.
He says his Subjects minds so poyson'd are,
They'll not believe God bless'd him with an Heir:
But to convince them they are in the wrong,
In comes the Swearers, and Depose as long
A Narrative, as perjur'd O—es could do;
What these Depose unquestionably's true,
Our King says so, who dare say other now?
There's Lords, Knights, Ladys, Squires, Quacks, and all
The Papal Locust, that Infect *White-Hall*:
They Swear, what King would have, to gain their ends,
Since he's a Prince that ne're forgets his Friends.
But Witness Bishops, for your Loyalty
He makes you great, he did bestow on ye,
To Keep you safe, his strongest, greatest Fort;
While ye were there, the Tower was the Court.
All fled from *James*, to you for blessing came;
Imprisonment Immortaliz'd your Name:
Bishops of *England's* Church are Men of Fame.
And since his dire Designs in Law have fail'd,
He seems to smile: You are to Council call'd,
To hear the VVorthy, Loyal Swearers Swear,
That at the Birth of *Wales's* Prince they were.
And first begins Old *England's* barren Q. Q D—ger.
That at her Sisters Labour was not seen
Till all was past, yet for the Holy Cause,
She'll do what e're she can to blind the Laws
Of *England*, and doth there Declare, and say,
She hastned to the Q. that very Day,
And never stirr'd till this Great Prince was born,
For th' Nations Glory, but he proves their scorn;
Except of these that on him daily wait,
VVhose Loyal Love is only to be great.
Next comes Old P—s, who a Story feigns,
Of Riff Raff stuff, to fill the peoples brains,
Of what she saw, and knew about the thing;
And in a modest circumstance doth bring
Of something, which into the World he brought,
And by the Doctors gave him, as she thought.
Now as a Governess she tends His Grace,
And would not for all Heaven quit her place;
So sweet a Babe, so fine a Hopeful Lad,
The forward'st Son the Father ever had.
Then A—ns Countess with her Oath comes in,
That at the Princes Birth her self had been,
And how she heard complainings from the Q.
Of little pains, and then the Child was seen:
But, Oh! He did not cry; the Q. baul'd out
For fear 'twas Dead, but Granny clear'd the doubt.
And further Honour this great Lady had;
She saw Smock spoil'd with Milk, (the sign was bad)

And P—gb could not be beguil'd,
Knowing the Fathers strength, (at thought she smil'd)
She saw Queens smock, and swears she was with Child.
While pious S—nd to Chappel went
On purpose to Receive the Sacrament;
Devotion was so great, she Disobey'd
Her Majesty: and said, When she had pray'd
She'd wait on her: But hearing that the Prince
Was hastning to the World, this, this pretence
Soon brought our Saint-like Lady quick from thence;
And from her bended knees flew to the Q—n,
And there saw all the sight was to be seen.
The Bed was warm'd, and into it she went,
And ask'd the K. if for the Guests he'd sent,
And lingring pain she had, and seem'd to fear
'T would not be born, till all the Fools were there;
But by her Midwife was assur'd, one pain
Would bring the Prince into the World again.
But Faithless Q—n! The Child did lye so high,
She'd not believe but *Judith* told a lye;
And such an Honour to this Deponent granted,
'Tis hardly more by th' Pope for to be Sainted.
R—mon swears she stood by S—land,
Near the Q—ns Bed, just by the Midwifes hand,
And saw His Highness taken out of Bed,
Fit for a Crown to adorn his Princely Head.
F—gall Depos'd, that in the Q—ns distress
She stood at the Beds Feet, just by M—si,
And saw the Prince into the World did come,
And by D—dy carried from the Room.
Then painted B—ley early in the morn
Came to St. *James's*, to see His Highness born;
VVith all the hast she could she up did rise,
Soon Dress'd, she came by Nine a Clock precise,
And found her Majesty was in the Bed,
And groaning distmally, she further said,
Cry'd to the Midwife, *Do not the Child part?*
Old Granny crav'd her leave: With all her Heart,
She granted what the Beldam did desire,
And certain 'tis there was no Danger nigh her:
Crying, Oh King, where are you fled?
He said, Im'e Kneeling, Madam, on your bed:
This plain Deponent bellows bawdy forth
To be expos'd both *East, West, South* and *North*,
VVithout e're fear or shame; bars Modesty,
For to out-face the VVorld with such a lye.
Then Pocky B—si the next comes in,
And says she saw the Cast of *Charles's* Queen;
And hearing that the Q—n in Labour was,
She hurried in without a call or pass.
VVith this Excuse (she knew she was forgot)
VVhere she talks bawdy, shews impudence, what not?
Expose her self in Print to shew her Love;
Exalted by the King, and one above:
She'll lye and swear, forswear, to prop the Cause,
That baffles *England's* sound and wholesome Laws.
Then Lady W—grave who was there before
This Royal Babe was launched from the shore,
And heard Her Majesty cry out full fore.

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Then C--ne and sottish Went-- to say the same,
With S--yer, Wald--ve, &c. they came
And saw this wonder which the World won't own,
And blames their little Faith; to think this Son
Is *Spurious*, and not in truth proceeding,
From Majesty, when they all saw him Bleeding;
Nay, gave him of his Blood (squeez'd from the string.)
That did the Royal Babe into the World bring.

Then Br--ley, T--ni, and Nan G--ry too,
Swear they saw all the work that was to do,
And more by half is Sworn, than they'll prove true.

Then comes De--dy the great Nurse,
Who with the Q--n is all in all in trust;
And swears that Dan--ry, Maid to Princess Ann,
Was joy'd to see this little Royal Man,
With former mark on Eye, which us'd to be
On all Q. Marys Royal progeny;
F--es seem'd to doubt that which before he knew,
And fear'd this Treacherous Nurse not told him true:
But he must peep and see the Royal Elf,
And joy'd as if he'd got him his own self.

For Mrs. W--ks, who doubts but she would say,
She brought the Prince that very day;
And told the K--g, the trembling Q--n did fear
'Twould be hard labour (tho no Child was there:)
Explains most impudently those concerns,
That follow Women when they cast their barns;
And what cares she the Hereticks she'll blind,
And then we fear the K--g will prove most kind;
To all those wretches which swear to his mind.

Then comes the Washer Woman Mrs. P--ce,
Who says that to the Q--n she's Laundress;
And there declares a story of Hot-Linnen,
That us'd to come just from Child-bearing Women
Rich--nd and Li--d, and brave Mo--all,
Tho not at Labour, they believe it all;
And fain would be believ'd, if these Tools
By swearing falsely, could make us such Fools;
They give such Demonstrations, that do lye
As much aside, as they do modesty.

Then comes great G--ge of England, *Chanceour*,
Who was with Expedition call'd to the Labour:
The Q--n cry'd out as Women us'd to do,
And he believes the P--ce is real too,
But not so certain, nor 'tis fear'd so true
As he wears Horns, that were by M--fort made,
Them and his noise makes all the Fools afraid;
Tongue runs at random, and Horns pushes those
That are so learn'd His Lordship to Oppose:
He fears to act no wretched Villanies,
He dreads no torments for inventing Lyes,
For he of Heav'n is sure when ere he dyes;
Thanks to the care of fond indulgent Wife,
To make atonement for his wicked Life;
Damns her own Soul, Whores with all she cou'd,
To allay the impetuous fallcys of her Blood.

Lord P--dent comes next, that's now cashier'd,
For only speaking of the truth 'tis fear'd;
Yet he for to be great again at Court,
Would be forsworn tho he his damned fort.

Then A--del of W--dour Privy Seal,
Was so concern'd that he Her pains did feel;

And 'tis believ'd this tender hearted Man,
Did feel as much as Majesty did then;
He shew'd indeed concern'd to mighty W--m,
Who knew too much to have concern for him:
But satisf'd the Fool it would be past,
And wonder'd much her pain so long did last.

Then comes my Lord All-Pride with Modesty,
And seems unwilling to affirm a lye;
With stately gesture he did himself Excuse,
But setting hand to paper can't refuse.

Then Foolish C--n comes and doth depose,
A mark he hath, that he the Prince well knows;
If't be his Lordships Mark, he ne're must rule,
For Europe knows that he's mark't for a Fool.

Then in comes F--sham, that haughty Beau,
And tells a tale of den and dat and how?
Tho he's no more believ'd than all the rest,
Only poor Man he fain would do his best;
And be rewarded as when come from West.

Earl of M--ray, that Alexander Great,
Believes it was the K--g that did the feat;
And that this Son is true, and not a Cheat.

Then M--ton and M--ford both explain'd,
The business which they from the K--g had gain'd;
As knowing men His Majesty did trust,
His consorts Secrets, hoping they'd be just:
To His Endeared Son our mighty Prince,
That as he thought would hide his impotence:
G-----n too, with confidence pretends,
It is true Born, but 'tis for his own Ends.

And F--x a story tells of God knows what,
To Fool the Nation's all he would be at;
He keeps in Favour with his Princely grace,
He Fawns and Flatters for to keep his place:

Then famous Sca--ugh and G--by
With W--ve, B--dy, and A--nd do lye;
And bring their circumstances to convince
The World that 'tis a real High Born Prince;
Thus they stick out at nothing that will do
The Nation wrong, and bring to England woe.
Base mercenary Slaves, for a Kings smile
Would *Spurious* Issue rear, and us beguile;
That fawn on him and more observe a nod,
Than fear the vengeance of an angry God:
And on the turn o'th' the times would all fly back,
And let His Highness Interest go to wrack.

Two Depositions more to Council sent,
Asham'd to appear to farther the intent
Of *Popish* principles, and perjuries;
None but the Devil could invent such Lyes.

Then after this the King himself declares,
He don't design with England to make Wars;
But he such aggravations hath of late,
That he must needs be angry with the State:
A Specious Prologue, he concludes with all;
But ah, the Protestants he vows shall fall
A Sacrifice to Rome, and His Revenge;
Then Souldiers fear not Fools, but scorn to Cringe;
Be resolute and stout, and scorn to sell
Your Souls to Rome, but send the Pope to Hell.

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